

## **fate** by **urdearestmom**

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**Summary:**

A firebender and a master of the mind shall someday meet  
Two halves of a whole, the Nether beast they must defeat  
Stronger together, although this at first they may hate  
Finally to find that it was always fate.

## fate

### Author's Note:

mileven week day 2! the prompt for today was FATE.

enjoy!!

*“A firebender and a master of the mind shall someday meet*

*Two halves of a whole, the Nether beast they must defeat*

*Stronger together, although this at first they may hate*

*Finally to find that it was always fate.’* What kind of bullshit-”

Mike Wheeler is royally pissed off. He’s always royally pissed off at something, it kind of comes with his personality, but this is the last straw.

On your sixteenth birthday, you’re supposed to get some kind of hint as to who your soulmate is in the form of something written, whether that’s something like a poem or just a simple one-liner. Nobody knows where these things come from, they just show up near you the morning of your sixteenth. It’s probably the Fates, or something. Mike doesn’t know, and it doesn’t really matter. When you meet your soulmate, they strengthen whatever power it is that you have, because another thing about this crazy world he lives in is that every human being is born with an affinity for something. However, some people possess powers more dangerous than others.

Mike Wheeler is one of them. He’s the only magna-powered person in his whole family. His older sister can lift twenty times her weight and his younger one can talk to animals, neither of which really interferes much with their daily lives or anyone else’s. His mom’s power is the ability to do anything perfectly. That’s actually a really useful one, in fact. His dad’s is perfect memory. He remembers exact dates and exact sequences of events, which can also be useful in some cases.

Mike, on the other hand, was born with the ability to create and manipulate fire. He’s also immune to it. When he was a baby, his

mom had fed him and then he'd burped and set her blouse aflame, and that was how everyone knew that Karen's boy was a firebender. It's pretty cool and can be useful sometimes, but it's very volatile, which is what makes it dangerous. He has a hard time controlling it, especially when he's angry, which is a lot of the time because he has an extremely short temper. His whole life is just a vicious cycle.

So, when he wakes up on his sixteenth birthday and sees a wretched-looking piece of paper right in front of his face, he's not surprised. What pisses him off is that it's a fucking *prophecy*. He not only already has this stupid power, now the only hint he has to finding the single person in the world who might just love him the way he is is a goddamn prophecy. He can't even meet his damn soulmate in a normal way.

He takes a picture of the paper and sends it to the group chat he has with his four friends. They're the only people who have been brave enough to stand being close with him. Most of the school population is afraid of him; afraid that he'll get angry and incinerate them, or something.

**The Destroyer:** guys i got my soulmate thingy

**The Destroyer:** woke up with it next to my face

**The Destroyer:** and it's a fucKING PROPHECY WHAT THE FUCK

**The Destroyer:** IMG.347

**The Destroyer:** can't even meet my goddamn soulmate in a normal way goddammit

**The Vanisher:** calm down mike

**The Destroyer:** I CAN'T CALM DOWN WILL FUCK

**The Destroyer:** THE ONE HINT I HAVE AND IT'S A PROPHECY!!!!  
TF!!!!!! WE HAVE TO KILL SOME MONSTER???? WHAT IS A  
NETHER BEAST

**The Healer:** idk what a nether beast is but sounds legit

**The Healer:** so you're gonna hate your soulmate when you first meet apparently

**The Destroyer:** fuckinG GREAT THANKS DUSTIN

**The Vanisher:** where's lucas when you need him

**The Speedster:** i'm here just

**The Speedster:** idk how to contribute to this

**The Destroyer:** i swear i'm going to set myself on fire

**The Mimicker:** if only that would actually work .

**The Destroyer:** stfu max i dont have time for your saltiness

Mike has to put his phone down because he can feel his body temperature rising and if he lets himself get too carried away he *will* spontaneously burst into flame. He hurriedly gets dressed in his specially-made flame-retardant clothes and pulls on his blocker gloves before making his way downstairs for breakfast.

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At school, all he can hear about is the new girl. Apparently she just showed up this morning and no one knows what her power is. People have tried asking her, but nobody's gotten anything concrete so far.

Mike couldn't give less of a fuck. He's not concerned with other people's business. He hates having people in his, so why should he care about others'? In fact, he is so busy not caring about what other people are saying that he doesn't even notice the person coming out of the restroom before he slams into her. She drops the bag she's carrying and he drops all his books.

"Watch where you're going next time," growls Mike, bending down to pick up his stuff.

"Same goes for you, asshole," comes the harsh response.

Mike stops in surprise. No one talks to him like that. *Ever*. They're all too afraid of his temper to even try him. He looks up to find an unfamiliar face glaring back at him. This must be the new girl.

She's quite pretty, but he hates her on sight. He's not sure why, maybe the fact that she called him an asshole has something to do with it. He may or may not have deserved it, but that doesn't mean he has to agree with it.

"Watch who you call an asshole, asshole," he says biting, then picks up his last book and shoves past her.

He can feel stares on him, but he thinks people are mostly looking at the girl. She didn't know who she was dealing with back there, otherwise, she probably would have run away just like everyone else does.

In chemistry, for which Mike isn't allowed to participate in labs for obvious reasons, he doesn't have a lab partner. Even if he did his classmates don't trust him enough to sit next to him. He's just sitting down and getting his books settled when the door opens again and in comes the same girl he just bumped into. She sees him right in the front row and her whole face wrinkles as if she's just smelled something disgusting. A few minutes later, after she speaks to the teacher, she walks over to the empty side of Mike's lab bench and drops her stuff before sitting down.

The girl openly looks him over again, and Mike feels himself shiver but he keeps his gaze directly forward. Something about her is off. Maybe she's magna-powered too?

He sees her open her mouth. "I know what you are. And I hope you know I'm not afraid of you."

Mike doesn't say anything, merely picking at his nails as if he isn't in the least affected by her words. What does she mean she's not afraid of him? Who does she think she *is*? Even his friends are afraid of him, to some extent.

Mr. Lewis starts the lesson, and during the period Mike comes to know that the girl is named Eleanor Hopper. She's his age. Her dad's

the new chief of police and today is her first day of school in Hawkins. She moved from Chicago. All irrelevant things that tell him nothing about who she really is, or as she would probably put it, *what* she is. Mike finds himself suddenly burning with curiosity (not literally of course, but he's close). He wants to know what she does.

At the end of class, as they're packing up their things, Mike turns to her and says, "You *should* be afraid of me."

Eleanor raises a brow. "Why? So you can keep doing and saying whatever you want because no one will try to tell you you're wrong?"

Mike feels his face twist into a frown. That's not how it is at *all* and his face is getting hot, which is never a good sign. "You don't know anything about me."

She shoves her pencil case into her bag aggressively. "I know enough about pyros to assume your basic qualities, and I don't like you. You all need anger management and a lesson in humility."

"What did you call me?"

She gives a sarcastic laugh. "Pyro? Short for pyrokinetic? I recognize the blocker gloves, idiot. God, you don't even know what your kind are called? Pretty stupid for someone in an honours chem class."

Eleanor then exits the chemistry classroom, leaving Mike behind her with his blood boiling.

That's it. He can't stand her.

### **Author's Note:**

lmao so this might eventually turn into a whole fic bc i really like this??? lemme know your thoughts guys

also, the party's names are based on their powers if that wasn't obvious but they're written like descriptive titles (like Ivan the Terrible for example) bc these kids are total nerds

so mike is the destroyer- bc fire is p destructive. right now he's capable of lighting himself and other things on fire spontaneously and has almost no control over it. after meeting his soulmate he'll hopefully have control and be able to actually manipulate fire into doing what he wants it to

will is the vanisher- he has the ability to completely camouflage w his surroundings i.e vanish, but if he wants to be entirely invisible he's gotta get naked lmao. if he was stronger (maybe when he meets his soulmate!!) he would be able to extend camouflage to others

dustin is the healer- p self-explanatory. he can heal himself and others, but so far only minor injuries bc he hasn't met his soulmate yet

lucas is the speedster- he's basically the flash. couldn't run more than 250 mph before he met max, his soulmate

max is the mimicker- she mimics other people's powers. before meeting lucas she could only mimic for about 5 mins before collapsing, but now she can sustain it for about 30 mins and can also hop from power to power